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彼得·潘

PETER
PAN

【英】詹姆斯·巴里◎著
郭铭莉◎译



《哈里·波特》作者 J.K. 罗琳
最喜爱的英美经典文学名著

中国书籍出版社



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图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

彼得·潘/(英)巴里著;郭铭莉译. —北京:
中国书籍出版社, 2007. 1
(J. K. 罗琳的读书单)
书名原文: Peter Pan
ISBN 978 - 7 - 5068 - 1484 - 3

I. 彼... II. ①巴... ②郭... III. ①英语—汉语—
对照读物②童话—英国—近代 IV. H319. 4; I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2006) 第 159968 号

责任编辑 / 张文武

责任印制 / 熊 力 武雅彬

封面设计 / 周周设计

出版发行 / 中国书籍出版社

地 址: 北京市丰台区三路居路 97 号 (邮编: 100073)

电 话: (010)51259192(总编室) (010)51259186(发行部)

电子邮箱: chinabp@vip.sina.com

经 销 / 全国新华书店

印 刷 / 北京京海印刷厂

开 本 / 880 毫米 × 1230 毫米 1/32

印 张 / 11. 25

字 数 / 242 千字

版 次 / 2007 年 1 月第 1 版 2007 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

印 数 / 0001 - 8000 册

定 价 / 19.00 元

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名家举荐 经典原著
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丛书策划：庞 元

责任编辑：张文武

封面设计：周周设计
010-81125522



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Chapter 1 Peter Breaks Through

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she **plucked** another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end.

Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet **mocking** mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly **conspicuous** in the right-hand corner.

The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been boys when she was a girl discovered **simultaneously** that they loved her, and they all ran to her house to propose to her except Mr. Darling, who took a cab and **nipped** in first, and so he got her. He got all of her, except the innermost box and the kiss. He never knew about the box, and in time he gave

第一章 彼得潘闯了进来

所有的孩子都会长大，只有一个例外。孩子们很快知道他们会长大成人。温蒂是这样知道的。两岁的那天，她在花园里玩耍，她摘了朵花，拿在手里，朝妈妈跑去。我猜想，小温蒂看起来肯定非常讨人喜欢，要不她妈妈达林太太不会用手按住胸口感慨道：“要是你永远就这么点儿大该多好啊！”事情就是这样，但自此温蒂就知道她终归会长大。往往人两岁后就渐渐开始懂得这一点。两岁，是个终点，也是个起点。

当然啦，温蒂一家住在门牌14号的宅子里，在温蒂出生前，达林太太一直是家里最重要的角色。她美丽可人，满脑子的奇思怪想，还有一张甜甜的、喜欢逗弄人的嘴。她那充满幻想的头脑就像那些来自神秘东方的小盒子，一只套着一只。不管你打开了多少只，里面总还藏着一只。她那张甜甜的、逗弄人的嘴上老是挂着一个吻，尽管温蒂得不到，可那吻明明就在那儿，在右边的嘴角上挂着。

达林先生是这样赢得美人的：当达林太太还是女孩时，周围有好些男孩，男孩长成大人后都不约而同地爱上了她。除了达林先生，所有的人都是跑着去她家向她求婚。而达林先生雇了一辆马车赶在了第一个，于是他得到了她。他得到了她的全部，除了头脑最深处的小盒子和那个吻。他从来不知道那个小盒子，后来他也渐渐

pluck *v.* 采,摘 mocking *adj.* 嘲笑的,愚弄的 conspicuous *adj.* 明显的
simultaneously *adv.* 同时地 nip *v.* 快跑,赶



Peter Pan

up trying for the kiss. Wendy thought Napoleon could have got it, but I can picture him trying, and then going off in a **passion, slamming** the door.

Mr. Darling used to boast to Wendy that her mother not only loved him but respected him. He was one of those deep ones who know about stocks and shares. Of course no one really knows, but he quite seemed to know, and he often said stocks were up and shares were down in a way that would have made any woman respect him.

Mrs. Darling was married in white, and at first she kept the books perfectly, almost **gleefully**, as if it were a game, not so much as a Brussels sprout was missing; but by and by whole cauliflowers dropped out, and instead of them there were pictures of babies without faces. She drew them when she should have been **totting** up. They were Mrs. Darling's guesses.

Wendy came first, then John, then Michael.

For a week or two after Wendy came it was doubtful whether they would be able to keep her, as she was another mouth to feed. Mr. Darling was **frightfully** proud of her, but he was very honourable, and he sat on the edge of Mrs. Darling's bed, holding her hand and calculating expenses, while she looked at him **imploringly**. She wanted to risk it, come what might, but that was not his way; his way was with a pencil and a piece of paper, and if she confused him with suggestions he had to begin at the beginning again.

"Now don't interrupt," he would beg of her.

"I have one pound seventeen here, and two and six at the office; I can cut off my coffee at the office, say ten shillings, making two nine and six, with your eighteen and three makes three nine seven, with five naught naught in my



放弃了那个吻。温蒂心想拿破仑也许能得到那个吻，但我猜想他试过后，只能怒冲冲地甩门而去。

达林先生过去常常向温蒂吹嘘说，她妈妈不只是爱他，还尊重他。因为他学问高深，懂得股票和分红之类的东西。当然，没有人真正懂那些，可达林先生似乎真在行，他常常头头是道地说股票上涨了，分红下跌了，这样就弄得随便哪个女人都佩服他。

达林太太结婚时穿了一袭白纱。起初她把家里的账记得一丝不苟，她也记得不亦乐乎，像在玩游戏，一棵小芽菜也不会漏掉，可是渐渐地整棵整棵的大菜花都漏掉了。账本上取而代之的是没有面孔的娃娃的画像。她在应该记账的地方画了这些小娃娃，她猜想她的孩子快来了。

第一个出生的是温蒂，随后是约翰，最后是迈克。

在温蒂出生后的一两个星期里，达林夫妇一直为他们是否养得起这新添的一张嘴而发愁。达林先生对新生命的到来引以为豪，可他是个实实在在的人。他坐在达林太太的床沿边，握着她的手，一笔一笔计算着开销。此时达林太太用哀求的目光看着他，她想不管怎么着，也要冒一次风险。显然这不是达林先生的做事方式，他的方法是拿着纸笔算细账。万一达林太太提些建议搅乱了他，他又得从头算起。

“现在请不要打断我。”他几乎恳求地说道。

“我手上有一镑十七先令，办公室里还有两先令六便士；我可以取消办公时喝的咖啡，那就省下十先令，加起来就有两镑九先令六便士了。再加上你的十八先令三便士，合计三镑九先令七便士，

passion *n.* 暴怒 slam *v.* 砰地关上 gleefully *adv.* 愉快地 tot *v.* 加起来, 合计
frightfully *adv.* 非常 imploringly *adv.* 哀求地



Peter Pan

cheque-book makes eight nine seven — who is that moving? — eight nine seven, dot and carry seven — don't speak, my own — and the pound you lent to that man who came to the door — quiet, child — dot and carry child — there, you've done it! — did I say nine nine seven? yes, I said nine nine seven; the question is, can we try it for a year on nine nine seven?"

"Of course we can, George," she cried. But she was **prejudiced** in Wendy's favour, and he was really the grander character of the two.

"Remember mumps," he warned her almost threateningly, and off he went again. "Mumps one pound, that is what I have put down, but I daresay it will be more like thirty shillings — don't speak — measles one five, German measles half a guinea, makes two fifteen six — don't waggle your finger — whooping-cough, say fifteen shillings" — and so on it went, and it added up differently each time; but at last Wendy just got through, with mumps reduced to twelve six, and the two kinds of measles treated as one.

There was the same excitement over John, and Michael had even a narrower squeak; but both were kept, and soon, you might have seen the three of them going in a row to Miss Fulsom's Kindergarten school, **accompanied** by their nurse.

Mrs. Darling loved to have everything just so, and Mr. Darling had a passion for being exactly like his neighbours; so, of course, they had a nurse. As they were poor, owing to the amount of milk the children drank, this nurse was a **prim** Newfoundland dog, called Nana, who had belonged to no one in particular until the Darlings engaged her. She had always thought children important, however, and the Darlings had become acquainted with her in Kensington Gardens, where she spent most of her spare time peeping into



我的存折里还有五镑，总共就有八镑九先令七便士——是谁在那儿动？——八——九——七，小数点进位七——别说话，我亲爱的——还有一镑钱，你借给了找上门来的那个人——安静点，乖乖——小数点进位，乖乖——瞧，到底让你给搅糊涂了——我刚才不是说九——九——七来着？对了，我说的是九——九——七；问题是，我们能不能靠这个九——九——七对付它一年？”

“当然能行啦，乔治。”达林太太大声回答。她当然是偏袒温蒂的，可事实上达林先生才是两人当中更有决定权的。

“别忘了腮腺炎，”达林先生几乎用威胁的口吻警告她，接着又继续算下去。“腮腺炎得花一镑钱，我算在里边了，但我想可能需要的是三十先令——不要插嘴，麻疹得花一镑五先令，德国麻疹得花半个几尼，加起来是两镑十五先令六便士——别摇手——百日咳，算它花十五先令。”他一直算来算去，算出的结果每次都不同；好在温蒂最后总算熬了过来，腮腺炎只花了十二先令六便士，两种麻疹并作一次处理。

约翰生下来后也遇到同样的风险，迈克更糟，简直是侥幸脱险。不过他们两个还是留下来养活了，不久你就会看见姐弟三个排成一行，由保姆陪着去福尔萨姆小姐的幼儿园上学了。

达林太太喜欢一切随遇而安，而达林先生却一心想和他们的邻居攀比；所以他们当然也得请个保姆。他们一家没有多少结余，因为三个孩子可得喝上不少牛奶。他们的保姆是一条干净的纽芬兰大狗，名叫娜娜。娜娜在达林夫妇雇用她之前，原本没有固定的主人，不过她总是把孩子放在一个重要的位置。达林夫妇是在肯辛顿的公园里认识她的。在那里，娜娜闲来无事的时候都会盯着婴儿



Peter Pan

perambulators, and was much hated by careless nursemaids, whom she followed to their homes and complained of to their mistresses. She proved to be quite a treasure of a nurse. How thorough she was at bath-time, and up at any moment of the night if one of her charges made the slightest cry. Of course her kennel was in the nursery. She had a genius for knowing when a cough is a thing to have no patience with and when it needs stocking around your throat. She believed to her last day in old-fashioned remedies like rhubarb leaf, and made sounds of contempt over all this new-fangled talk about germs, and so on. It was a lesson in **propriety** to see her escorting the children to school, walking **sedately** by their side when they were well behaved, and butting them back into line if they **strayed**. On John's footer (in England soccer was called football, footer for short) days she never once forgot his sweater, and she usually carried an umbrella in her mouth in case of rain. There is a room in the basement of Miss Fulsom's school where the nurses wait. They sat on forms, while Nana lay on the floor, but that was the only difference. They **affected** to ignore her as of an **inferior** social status to themselves, and she **despised** their light talk. She **resented** visits to the nursery from Mrs. Darling's friends, but if they did come she first whipped off Michael's pinafore and put him into the one with blue braiding, and smoothed out Wendy and made a dash at John's hair.

No nursery could possibly have been conducted more correctly, and Mr. Darling knew it, yet he sometimes wondered uneasily whether the neighbours talked.

He had his position in the city to consider.

Nana also troubled him in another way. He had sometimes a feeling that



车，由此遭到了不少粗心的保姆的厌恶，因为她老是跟着她们回家，向她们的主人告状。娜娜确实是当保姆的料，给孩子洗澡的时候她可细心周到了。晚上不管什么时候，孩子无论有什么动静，她都会醒过来。当然娜娜在婴儿房里有个窝，她天生有一种本事，知道什么时候咳嗽是不能怠慢的，什么时候该用一只袜子围着脖子。她一直就只相信那些旧式的疗法，比如用大黄叶治病；一旦听到那些什么细菌之类的新词儿，她就用鼻子不屑地哼一声。看着她护送孩子们上学的情景，就像是在上一堂行为规范课。当孩子们规规矩矩时，娜娜就安安静静地走在一边；一旦孩子们乱跑乱动，娜娜就会用头撞他们，提醒他们走成一排。约翰踢足球的那些天，娜娜从不会忘记带着他的毛线衫。通常她还会用嘴叼上一把雨伞以防下雨。福尔萨姆小姐的幼儿园里有一间地下室，保姆可以在那里等候。一般保姆们会坐在窗台上，而娜娜则躺在地上，这是她们惟一的不同之处。不过，她们觉得娜娜是低一个档次的，故意装出没把她放在眼里的样子。其实娜娜才讨厌她们无聊的闲谈呢。她也不喜欢达林太太的朋友们来婴儿房看孩子们，可要是她们真的来了，她会先扯下迈克的围裙，给他换上那件有蓝花边的，把温蒂的衣裙抚平，再匆匆捋一捋迈克的头发。

没有一个婴儿室管理得比这个更井井有条了，达林先生也知道这一点，但有时他还是不免会疑虑不安，生怕邻居们会有闲言碎语。

他得考虑自己在城里的位置。

娜娜还在另一方面让他不安，他有时觉得她并不那么佩服他。

perambulator *n.* 婴儿车 propriety *n.* 礼节, 规矩 sedately *adv.* 镇静地 stray *v.* 偏离
affect *v.* 假装 inferior *adj.* 低下的 despise *v.* 轻视 resent *v.* 怨恨



Peter Pan

she did not admire him. "I know she admires you tremendously, George," Mrs. Darling would **assure** him, and then she would sign to the children to be specially nice to father. Lovely dances followed, in which the only other servant, Liza, was sometimes allowed to join. Such a midget she looked in her long skirt and maid's cap, though she had sworn, when engaged, that she would never see ten again. The gaiety of those romps! And gayest of all was Mrs. Darling, who would pirouette so wildly that all you could see of her was the kiss, and then if you had dashed at her you might have got it. There never was a simpler happier family until the coming of Peter Pan.

Mrs. Darling first heard of Peter when she was tidying up her children's minds. It is the nightly custom of every good mother after her children are asleep to rummage in their minds and put things straight for next morning, repacking into their proper places the many articles that have wandered during the day. If you could keep awake (but of course you can't) you would see your own mother doing this, and you would find it very interesting to watch her. It is quite like tidying up drawers. You would see her on her knees, I expect, **lingering** humorously over some of your contents, wondering where on earth you had picked this thing up, making discoveries sweet and not so sweet, pressing this to her cheek as if it were as nice as a kitten, and hurriedly stowing that out of sight. When you wake in the morning, the naughtiness and evil passions with which you went to bed have been folded up small and placed at the bottom of your mind and on the top, beautifully aired, are spread out your prettier thoughts, ready for you to put on.

I don't know whether you have ever seen a map of a person's mind. Doctors sometimes draw maps of other parts of you, and your own map can become intensely interesting, but catch them trying to draw a map of a child's mind, which is not only confused, but keeps going round all the time. There